

THE HATFIELD-M'COY VENDETTA ENDED BY THE GOD OF LOVE.

Here's a Romance of War and a Mountain Wooing That Has Suddenly Reconciled Two Families After Forty Years of Shooting at Sight and Defiance of the Law in the Bloodiest Feud in the History of the South.

A NEIGHBORS' QUARREL ABOUT
SOME HIGGS, A LAWSUIT,
MUTUAL HATRED AND
THEN MURDER.

MARRIED--In Mingo County, W. Va., Aaron Hatfield,
Nephew of "Cap" Hatfield, to Mary McCoy,
Daughter of Rudolph McCoy.

A SECRET COURTSHIP WHOSE
UNEXPECTED RESULT HAS
BEEN RECEIVED WITH
JOY ON BOTH SIDES.



A SIMPLE enough wedding notice that, but behind it and in it as romantic a tale of love and courtship as ever was penned—a tale of a mountain wooing; she a McCoy, her lover one of the famous Hatfields, and the two families, for years avowed enemies, sworn to kill at sight, to hunt each other like wild animals; defying the law and the law's officers, and for forty years waging the bloodiest feud in the history of the South.

For forty years the Hatfield-McCoy vendetta has waged, and in these forty years forty coffins, marked by headstones in the neighboring graveyards tell of forty lives snuffed out by bullet and knife. Its origin was trivial. Way back in '55, when West Virginia was a new country, some parts of it unsettled and strayed from the farm of Anse Hatfield. Where a new country, some parts of it unsettled and strayed from the farm of Anse Hatfield. Where a new country, some parts of it unsettled and strayed from the farm of Anse Hatfield. Where

But it was avoided, and nothing more than threats from the leaders of the McCoy faction occurred to give alarm. Thus the feud started, and for forty years it kept the country side in a state of excitement.

The McCoy made good their threats. One morning the body of Bill Stoyton, a grandson of the plaintiff in the hog case, was found lying dead with a bullet hole in his head. Two of the numerous McCoy boys were arrested for the murder, and at the trial were acquitted. At this juncture the outbreaking of the civil war played a part. Though deadly enemies now and sworn to kill members of the opposing faction on sight, they united in their country's defense, and for the four years the war lasted a truce was declared.

With the surrender of the Confederate forces came the renewal of the feuding hostilities. Old "Cap" Hatfield, the patriarch of the family, assumed the leadership. Jonas Hatfield soon after married Rosanna McCoy, and refused to fight by marriage the wrong he had done her. For this he was arrested, but a daring rescue by the Hatfields prevented his trial for the charge. From this on to 1882 matters went along rather smoothly. Whenever members of the opposing faction would meet there was sure to be an exchange of shots, but, strange to say, no one was killed outright, though two of the McCoy died afterwards from wounds received in one of their battles.

But election day of 1882 marked the beginning of a series of fights, each one of which claimed one or more victims. A relative of both of the families was running for office, and members of the two factions agreed to suspend their differences and work for their kinsman's election. But before the day was over Talbot McCoy and Elias Hatfield became involved in a fight. At first it was merely a fistfight. McCoy threw his opponent, and was punning him severely when Deacon Ellison Hatfield and his brother Elias appeared on the scene, and several of the McCoy faction had gathered around their representative, ready to take a hand in the fight when the time came. Talbot McCoy and the deacon advanced on each other with open knives, and when within reach the slashing began. Hatfield's knife closed on his hand, and, throwing it away, he used his fist, while McCoy wielded his weapon with telling effect. The fight then became general, and when it was over, though no one was killed, several of the participants were carried away with injuries that afterward proved fatal. Ellison Hatfield died the following Wednesday. He had been cut twenty-seven times besides being shot. Three of the McCoy were arrested—Talbot, Randolph and Farmer.

The night of the fight the Hatfield clan gathered together seventy members, and, waylaying the deputy sheriff, who was taking the prisoners to the Pike county jail, captured the three McCoy. They were taken across the river to the West Virginia side, and there held to await the outcome of Deacon Ellison Hatfield's injuries. When news came of his death, the imprisoned McCoy were notified that they were to die. The following morning they were taken back to the Kentucky side, and, after being bound, were forced into a kneeling position on the river's brink.

At the word of command a dozen rifle shots barked

in the crisp air, and Talbot and Farmer McCoy fell over dead. The thirteen-year-old boy, Randolph McCoy, had been a witness to the killing, and it was decided to kill him, too. One of the party was sent

back to do the work, and two barrels from his shotgun riddled the boy's body.

The next move of the Hatfields was to try and kill Randolph McCoy, the head of the family. Two desperadoes of the clan waited in ambush one night near a road over which he would have to travel. Fortunately for the intended victim, a brother, Calvin McCoy, passed the concealed assassins before the man they had marked. In the darkness they mistook their man and fired at Calvin. He was not killed outright, but was injured for life. Soon after this a Hatfield raid was betrayed to the McCoy, and they escaped. The wife and mother-in-law of Bill Daniels, one of the Hatfield faction, were suspected of betraying the secret. For revenge "Cap" Hatfield and Tom Wallace went to Daniel's home one night, and covering him with a shotgun, gave both of the women a brutal beating. The wife died from her injuries, and her mother had several ribs and bones broken by the force of the blows.

Jeff McCoy was the next to go. He was a brother of Daniel's wife and was looking for Tom Wallace, who, with "Cap" Hatfield, inflicted the injuries resulting in her death. "Bad Anse" Hatfield agreed to assist him in his search, but instead enticed him into an ambush, where he was killed.

In 1885 the Governor of Kentucky put a price on the head of "Anse" Hatfield and his brother "Cap," and called upon the Governor of West Virginia for their requisition. This was at first denied, but in the latter part of 1887 the officials of both States united in an effort to suppress the bloody feud. The McCoy had suffered so much that their spirit for revenge rarely showed, but they eagerly grasped at the proposition that they join the officers in search of the Hatfield leaders. Three of the gang were captured, and subsequently sent to State's prison.

The zeal of the McCoy in joining the officers aroused the ire of their enemies, and a raid was planned for New Year's night of 1888.

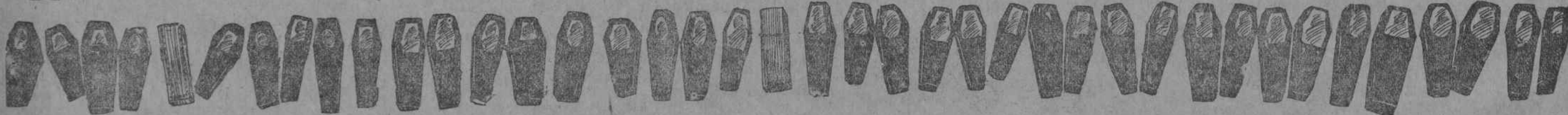
Nine of the Hatfields, led by Uncle Jim Vance, attacked the house of old Randolph McCoy. Two girls were in one end of the house, and one, Allaphere McCoy, opened the door when the gang demanded admission. She was immediately shot and killed by Ellison Mounts, at the command of Vance. Mrs. McCoy started from the door to go to her dead daughter, when Jim Vance broke two of her ribs with the butt of his gun, and stunned her with a blow from his pistol. Calvin McCoy was killed in the exchange of shots and the old man was wounded.

Strange as it may seem, the Hatfields repudiated the killing of the McCoy girl. With their characteristic brutality toward women it is hard to say what prompted it, but they delivered Ellison Mounts, who fired the shot, into the officers' hands, and on their testimony he was convicted and hanged.

From that time the feud, while it has been kept up, has not been as exciting as in former days. Now and then a Hatfield and McCoy exchange shots, but the last man killed met his fate two years ago. The persistent pursuit of the Hatfields by the deputies drove them into the mountain fastnesses and made the warfare before used impossible.

And now comes the reconciliation—the end of it all. Aaron Hatfield, a nephew of old "Cap" Hatfield, met and loved pretty Mary McCoy, daughter of the head of the family, Rudolph McCoy. Primitive in their habits, these mountain lovers knew nothing of what the social world terms conventionalities in courtship. There was no one to say that they should do this or do that. They only knew that they loved each other, that it was the lasting, enduring love of years, and they were happy. The rugged, barren hillsides were their trysting places; there they met alone, and their secret was shared with none save one. And he was the trusted friend, who saw to it that neither family knew of what was transpiring until the time for the announcement was deemed ripe. For there was danger should the secret be known prematurely. The fires of the feud, though not blazing, were by no means out. One day Aaron told Mary that his brother would go to see her father the following day. The lovers were at the house of the friend. All day they waited to hear what the result had been. Mary at the window saw the stalwart form of her lover's brother striding toward the house. "It's all right," he said. And then came the joyful news that the wedding would end forever the forty-year feud.

Forty Coffins That Tell of Forty Hatfield and McCoy Victims.



BICYCLISTS vs. COSSACKS.

Ricelley in the Caucasus Mountains is not all beer and skittles, judging from a report that has just come to hand from three wheelmen who started some time ago, in the interest of a London paper, to ride across Europe and Asia.

For five days they made weary progress across the steppes of Southern Russia, waiting in the teeth of a bitter eastern gale for three days out of five. Clad in light summer riding clothes, they met the Cossacks, crumpled in furs. At one Cossack village the refusal to pay twice for the same food they had partaken of led to their being hurled off by a mob in the Chief of Police, who, fortunately, decided in their favor. They rode off, pursued by the curses of the entire population.

The next afternoon they encountered a party of horsemen, whose animals took fright at their machines. The riders burst into a torrent of choice Slavonic oaths, and, dismounting, made a dash for the wheelmen, who dismounted also. Not a syllable could be understood on either side. Hot blood was in the veins of the attacking party, and murder in their eyes. One of the bicyclists was seized, and it was some time before the grip was loosened. Then the wheelmen backed their machines into some bushes and prepared for battle. The Cossacks rushed at them and they met the attack with vigor. For several minutes there was real war. Revolvers were drawn and several shots were fired.

"Maybe our aim was misdirected," said one of the cyclists in his account, "but nobody seemed one penny the worse. But it was an exciting time. The struggling and hearing revolvers and advances, on each side warmed up to the fray, brought out all the devil in us. We thirsted to drink hot blood. Panting and exhausted, helmets scattered on the ground and cravats torn, the conflict slackened. We should probably have had the worst of it if it had continued, but we made our enemies understand that we were English, and waved the passport in their faces. That seemed to check their marauding ardor, and they gradually drew back. With mutual revilings, they got astride of their horses and we of our machines. Then we rode our several ways. After such an adventurous episode, being stoned by the infuriated folk of the next village was a mere bagatelle."

When last heard from these cyclists had left Tiflis and were riding toward Kurland to Tiberius.

In Miss Julie Opp New York has a daughter who is helping to teach the world what a noble race this country is capable of producing. Born in a class which ranks very low socially in this city, who has gone to London and become not only a recognized stage beauty, but a favorite of fashionable society.

She is of very similar origin to Blanche Walsh, who is the daughter of a Tombs warden and is now an actress remarkable for her distinguished beauty and her suitability for dignified roles. The fathers of both were minor politicians and lived in one of the Bowery.

Julie Opp is an ideal German type, while Blanche Walsh is ideally Irish. But in each case the beauty has a quality which can only come from American birth. These two beautiful girls seem to support a theory that the European emigrant, favored by the freedom and prosperity of this country, is destined to develop the perfect type of his ancient race.

Julie Opp is nothing less than a Bowery girl, but how different from that person in comic song her picture alone will show. She is beautiful, dignified, well educated and well bred.

She is very tall, has dark brown hair, dark eyes and a superb figure. Her face has an expression of kindly dignity and indicates both intelligence and force of character. Her dresses are simple, although no woman would be better able to bear magnificence.

So tall and majestic is she that she almost creates the effect of a superb living statue—a creation very different from anything to which the music halls have accustomed the public. There is nothing of the actress's stony material in her character, for all who have known her testify to the charm and kindness of her manner. Her beauty is so thoroughly appreciated in England that her photographs, some of them very artistic, are exhibited in all the best shops and vie in popularity with those of public celebrities and of duchesses, marchionesses and countesses, who are accounted beautiful.

The father of this proud beauty was Johnny Opp, who kept a saloon at No. 311 Bowery, and was a power among his competitors in that vicinity. The saloon has been closed since Johnny Opp gave it up, and is now a second-hand clothing store.

Johnny Opp made a considerable fortune out of his saloon. He was an energetic and conspicuous member of the old-time Volunteer Fire Department. He died in October, shortly after he had gone out of

business. That was too soon to learn how great a success his daughter was making.

But not to know that he had given the

world a very remarkable young woman. She was educated in the public schools, and soon after her school days began the

study of acting. As a child she played in a benefit at the Academy of Music, and like many other children she had designs

on the stage. She enjoyed the friendship of James Collier, the actor, who told her as a child that she was well qualified for success on the stage.

As she grew older she had some temporary hesitations concerning the stage as a career. For a short time she wrote for the magazines, and had considerable success. She did this, not from any need of money, for Johnny Opp was well-to-do, and nothing in life gave him greater pleasure than to supply funds to his clever and beautiful daughter.

Two years ago Miss Opp went to London, where she had an opportunity to meet many people, fashionable or otherwise distinguished. She was still occupied with her magazine writing. Among others, she met the late George du Maurier, and Mrs. Beerbolm Tree, both of whom agreed that she was well fitted for the stage, and would make an admirable Trilby.

After that she returned to New York and tried to ascertain what opportunities the stage offered her here. Charles Frohman promised her an engagement in the fall, but before that season arrived she paid a second visit to London. There she met Mrs. Alexander, wife of George Alexander, the actor-manager, and to her she confided her theatrical aspirations. The result was that she obtained an engagement in Mr. Alexander's company at the St. James's Theatre. He is a man who combines ability as an actor and a manager to such a degree that he promises to be a worthy successor to Sir Henry Irving, whose leading man he formerly was.

Miss Opp is at present playing the part of Hyacinth in "As You Like It" at the St. James's. It is a small part, only consisting of about twenty-five lines spoken toward the end of the play; but her more successful in such a company is a great success, for Alexander is making his reputation by the general excellence of his players. Among her colleagues are Julia Nelson, young Henry Irving and Dorothea Baird. There is now no doubt that Miss Opp will have a more important part in the next production.

The Alexanders belong to the small but growing class of English actors who are nestled in fashionable society. Miss Opp has had all the help they could give them, but she has rapidly distanced her friends as a social celebrity. Duchesses strive for the honor of the presence of the Bowery saloon keeper's daughter at their dinners and receptions, and snub-nosed daughters of Britain's aristocracy gaze sometimes enviously and sometimes wonderingly at her noble form and features.

AN IDEA FOR MR. RAINES.

In London, off Bishopsgate street, is Artillery lane, and at No. 24 is the saloon owned by I. S. Williams & Sons, and established in 1884. A Journal correspondent, in company with an artist friend, visited this saloon, and after having had a glass of his ordered another glass, but were politely informed by one of the four busy bar-men, that it was against the rules of the house to serve more than one drink to any person.

A big wooden tablet on the wall explained the reason for this strange rule, as follows: "To add to the comfort of persons purchasing at this establishment, we have for upwards of thirty years adopted the following rules, which are strictly enforced, thereby ensuring customers freedom from annoyance, and offering every facility for the quick dispatch of business."

RULES.
"1. No person intoxicated, either alone or in company of others, can be served, under any circumstances whatever.
"2. No person or party of persons can be served, under any circumstances, more than once, the rule being that he, she or they (as the case may be) must have left the house at least half an hour before either are entitled to be served again.
"3. The quantity supplied upon any occasion, for consumption on the premises, not to exceed one gill of wine, half a gill of spirits, or one glass of malt liquor, for each person.

"4. Persons using obscene or profane language, talking loudly, or in any way misconducting themselves, cannot be served at any time, or under any circumstances whatever.

"5. Smoking is strictly prohibited at all times, and under all circumstances.

"The proprietors, reserving to themselves the right to conduct their business upon any system they may deem expedient, cannot pervert these rules to be broken upon any occasion with impunity; they, therefore, respectfully request all persons objecting to the regulations, and who are not willing to act in strict conformity therewith, to kindly transfer their patronage to some other establishment."

The result of these rules is that the saloon of I. S. Williams & Sons is the most unique establishment of its kind in the world. It is the only saloon in existence where no puff of smoke is to be found hanging in the air when the bar is crowded. The "one drink" served is not a big one.



Miss Opp as She Might Have Been and as She Is.